

SONG BOOK

for

BOY SCOUTS



Songs for all Occasions

Including

Camp, Troop Meetings,
Hikes, Campfires and
Scout Church

CHICAGO COUNCIL
BOY SCOUTS of AMERICA

37 South Wabash Avenue

CHICAGO, ILL.

Wear the Official Boy Scout Uniform— and wear it correctly

The proper uniform
consists of:

1. Official hat, with hat badge of proper rank.
2. Official neckerchief, of proper district color.
3. Official shirt—either wool, cotton, or V-neck type.
4. Official web belt, with first class badge on the buckle.
5. Official breeches or shorts.
6. Official stockings — wool or cotton.
7. Official shoes—tan.

Consult the picture on this page to learn how and where to wear your badges and equipment.

REMEMBER!

You must present your membership certificate when you purchase the official uniform, or any part of it. This is for your own protection. There is only one **OFFICIAL** uniform.



BOY SCOUT SONG BOOK

Key B

1.

CAMP

(Tune: Smiles.)

There's a camp that makes us happy,
And it never makes us blue;
There's a camp we always want to cheer for
Whether we are Scouts old or new.
There's a camp that shows the proper spirit,
It's a camp where loyalty you'll see;
It's Camp that I'm meaning,
It's the One Camp for you and me.

2.

GREETINGS

How do you do Mr.
How do you do.
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We'll do the best we can,
We'll stand by you like a man—
How do you do Mr.
How do you do, do, do.

3.

Key B

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH

What's the matter with (.....)
He's all right.
What's the matter with (.....)
He's all right.
He's a Prince of a fellow as you can see,
He's full of "pep" and vitality.
What's the matter with (.....)
HE'S ALL RIGHT.

What's the matter with Scouting
It's all right.
What's the matter with Scouting
It's all right.
It brings us together each week you see,
It's chock full of good things for you and for me.
What's the matter with Scouting
IT'S ALL RIGHT.

4.

Key D

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

For he's a jolly, good fellow,
For he's a jolly, good fellow,
For he's a jolly, good fellow,
The kind that's hard to beat,
The kind you like to meet,
The kind that's hard to beat,
For he's a jolly, good fellow,
For he's a jolly, good fellow,
For he's a jolly, good fellow,
The kind you like to meet,
Who?

5.

THEY SAY MR.

They say Mr.he ain't got no style.
He's style all the while.
He's style all the while.
They say Mr.he ain't got no style.
He's style all the while.
All the while.

6.

Key A Flat

HAIL! HAIL!

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here. Never mind the weather.
Here we are together. Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
So let the trouble start right now.

7.

Key A Flat

HAIL, HAIL, WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE HERE

Tune: "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here"

Hail, Hail, We're glad you're here,
Come again to see us,
It's good to have you with us,
Hail, Hail, we're glad you're here,
Come again to see us soon.

Soup! Soup! We all want soup!
Tip your bowl and drain it,
Let your whiskers strain it,
Hark! Hark! The funny noise,
Listen to the gurgling, boys.

Meat! Meat! Bring on the meat,
Fresh and juicy cow meat
Ham and pickled pig's feet,
Lamb chops and pork chops, too,
Any kind of meat will do.

Pie! Pie! We want our pie!
Cocoanut and cherry.
Peach and huckleberry,
Mince pie is mighty fine,
That's the way we campers dine.

8.

THAT OLD SCOUT TROOP OF MINE

(Tune: That Old Gang of Mine)

Gee, but I'd give the world to see
That old Scout Troop of mine.
For in my soul that old patrol
Will always gleam and shine;
Goodbye, forever, old tenderfoot days,
Goodbye, forever, you're gone quite a ways,
God bless them,
Gee, but I'd give the world to see
That old Scout Troop of mine.

9.

HI HO THE MERRIO

We're from Chicago
Where Scout-ing's good and free
Hi Ho for Chicago
She's good enough for me
Fifteen thous-and boy scouts
A thousand more there'll be
Hi Ho for Chicago
SHE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

Just like a good scout we are GROW-ing
We start-ed some-thing and we'll KEEP it GO-ing
Good turn is our mot-to
Pre-pared we'll ever be,
Hi Ho for Chicago
She's good enough for me.

10.

SCOUT VESPER SONG

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland"

Softy falls the light of day
While our Campfire fades away;
Silently each Scout should ask,
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless rest tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to "Be Prepared."

11.

Key G

KEEP THE CAMP FIRE BURNING

Tune: "Keep the Home Fires Burning"

Keep the camp fire burning
While your thoughts are turning
To our stories, songs and yells,
The long day's fun
Warm, red embers gleaming,
O'erhead stars are beaming;
Plan tomorrow's big new joys,
'Til the day is done.

Key G

12.

LONG, LONG TRAIL (Parody)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the camp of my dreams;
Where the evening camp fire's glowing
And the bright moon beams,
There'll be long, long months of waiting
Until my dreams all come true
'Til the day when I'll be going down
That old camp trail with you.

(After arriving in camp the last four lines will be)
There've been long, long months of waiting
And now my dreams have come true;
And every day I'm slipping down
That old camp trail with you.

(And at the end of camp there lines will be)
There've been long, long days of pleasure
As all my dreams have come true;
Here's hoping I'll be hiking down
This trail again with you.

13.

A SCOUT PRAYER

Tune: "Marcheta"

Our Father in Heaven
Above us we ask You,
For guidance in our daily task,
May virtue and manhood stand strongly
Amongst us,
To Thee we give all of our thanks.
The Scout Oath—The Scout Laws,
Their lessons unfolding,
Our youth in numbers untold.
Our motto, Our Good Turn,
May we live and teach it,
Great Spirit of Scouting, we pray.

14.

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner and under a tree
A sergeant-major, said to me,
"Who would marry you, I would like to know
For everytime I look at your face
It makes me want to go—"
Around the corner, repeat.

15.

REVEILLE

O, I can't get him up,
I can't get him up,
I can't get him up in the morning;
I can't get him up,
I can't get him up,
I can't get him up at all.

The Staff is worse than the campers,
x is some heavy sleeper,
x is dead to the world,
x won't get up at all.
(Note—supply camper's names.)

16.

ASSEMBLY

Hey, you kids, come be at it quick,
Or, I'll chase you with a stick.
Fall in line, make it fast,
It is tough to be the last.

17.

MESS CALL

Soapie, soapie, soapie,
To use it I'm not keen,
Washie, washie, washie,
My neck is never clean,
Dirty, dirty, dirty,
I hope it won't be seen.

18.

THREE GOOD TURNS

Tune: "Polly-Wolly-Doodle"

A Boy Scout hiked with careless stride,
And along a dusty road,
When out from a tree there hopped with glee
A big, fat, husky toad.
Says the toad to the Scout: "Hello, my lad,
Where are you headed for?"
"I'm on my seven-mile hike," says he,
"And I've only one mile more."

Chorus

Hike along, hike along,
Hike along with stride so free;
But when you see an old black bear,
Just let that old bear be.

"What have you done while on this hike?"
Says the old fat toad, says he:
"I've had some fun and I've eat a bun
And I've done my good turns three."
"What are those three good turns, my Scout?"
Says the old fat toad, says he:
"Well, I helped a man to catch a cow
And I found a lost baby."

Chorus

"That's only two," says the old fat toad,
"And you say that you've done three."
"Well, wait awhile, till I get my breath,"
Says the Second-Class Scout, says he:
"As I went upon the mountain side,
I spied a tall oak tree,
And on the top was a big black bear
A-looking down at me."

Chorus

"And I thought to myself when I spied that bear,
What an awful shame 'twould be
If I disturbed that big black bear
A-looking down at me.
So I turned around and hiked right down,
And I let that old bear be;
And that good turn with the other two
Just makes the good turns three."

Chorus

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

Chorus

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
 Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed,
 For the hardest blow of all
 Is to hear the bugle call;
 You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
 You've got to get up this morning!
 Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
 Some day they're going to find him dead;
 I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
 And spend the rest of my life in bed.

O SPEAK TO ME DARLING

O speak to me darling, O speakie, spikie, spokie,
 Why are those tears on your cheekie, chikie, chokie,
 O give me the answer I seekie, sikie, sokie,
 Or I'll jump into the creekie, crikie, crokie,
 SOME SPLASH!

Key G

PACK UP YOUR DUFFLE

Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles"

Pack up your duffle in your old Scout kit,
 And hike, hike, hike,
 Sunshine or rain pours, Scouts don't mind a bit,
 Hike, boys, down the pike!
 What's the use of worrying,
 A Scout is always fit, so
 Pack up your duffle in your old Scout kit,
 And hike, hike, hike.

MARY ANNE MCCARTHY

Mary Anne McCarthy she went out to gather clams,
 Mary Anne McCarthy she went out to gather clams,
 Mary Anne McCarthy she went out to gather clams,
 But she didn't get a (clap, clap) clam.
 She dug up all the sand and mud in Maumee River Bay,
 She dug up all the sand and mud in Maumee River Bay,
 She dug up all the sand and mud in Maumee River Bay,
 But she didn't get a (clap, clap) clam.

(Clap hands where it is clap, clap.)

PEEKING THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

We were peeking through the knothole in Daddy's wooden leg
 Oh who will wind the clock while I am gone?
 Go get an ax, there's a fly on baby's bean.
 A boy's best friend in his mother, his mother.

Key B Flat

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

In 1842—Didn't know jest what to do,
 Didn't know jest what to do,
 So I worked upon the railroad.

Chorus

Ayrie, ayrie, eyrie O!
 Ayrie, ayrie, eyerie O!
 Ayrie, ayrie, eyerie O!
 Ayrie, ayrie, eyerie O!
 Workin' on the railroad.

In 1843—That's the year I crossed the sea,
 That's the year I crossed the sea,
 To work upon the railroad.

Chorus

In 1844—St. Bet's the ship that brought me o'er,
 St. Bet's the ship that brought me o'er,
 To work upon the railroad.

Chorus

In 1845—I'd rather be dead than be alive,
 I'd rather be dead than be alive,
 Than work upon the railroad.

Chorus

In 1846—I shoveled my shovels and picked up my picks,
 I shoveled my shovels and picked up my picks,
 To work upon the railroad.

Chorus

In 1847—That's the year I went to heaven,
 That's the year I went to heaven,
 To work upon the railroad.

Chorus

In 1848—St. Peter said I was too late,
 St. Peter said I was too late,
 To work upon the railroad.

Chorus

In 1849—The devil said I was on time,
 The devil said I was on time,
 To work upon the railroad.

Chorus

In 1850—From then until eternity,
 From then until eternity,
 I'm working on the railroad.

FINNEGAN

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,
He had whiskers on his chinegan,
The wind blew them off and they grew in again,
Poor old Michael Finnegan,
BEGIN AGAIN!

There was a girl named Katie Finnegan,
She had sunburn on her chinegan,
Along came the wind and blew it in again,
Poor old Katie Finnegan,
BEGIN AGAIN!

There was a girl named Sallie Finnegan,
She had chiggers on her shinegan,
She scratched them out and they grew in again
Poor old Sallie Finnegan,

JOHNNIE VERBECK

There was a little Dutchman, his name was Johnnie Verbeck,
He was a dealer in sausage and sauerkraut and spec;
He made the nicest sausages that ever you did see;
But on day he invented a wonderful sausage machine.

Chorus

Oh, Mister Johnnie Verbeck,
How could you be so mean?
I told you you'd be sorry
For inventing that machine.
All the neighbors' cats and dogs
Will never more be seen.
For they'll be ground to sausages
In Johnnie Verbeck's machine.

One day a boy came walking, came walking in the store,
He bought a pound of sausages and piled them on the floor;
The boy began to whistle and he whistled up a tune,
And all the little sausages went dancing 'round the room.

Chorus

One day the machine got busted and the blamed thing wouldn't
go.
So Johnnie Verbeck, he climbed inside to see what made it so;
His wife, she had a nightmare and walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank an awful yank and Johnnie Verbeck was
meat.

Chorus

THERE WAS A BEE-I-E-I-E

There was a bee-i-e-i-e, sat on a wall-i-all-i-all,
And he did buzz-i-uzz-i-uzz, and that was all-i-all-i-all.
And a boy-i-oy-i-oy, he had a stick-i-ick-i-ick
And he hit that bee-i-e-i-e an awful lick-i-ick-i-ick.
And then that bee-i-e-i-e that boy did sting-i-ing-i-ing.
He hurt that boy-i-oy-i-oy like everything-i-ing-i-ing.
And then that boy-i-oy-i-oy how he did yell-i-ell-i-ell
And he told that bee-i-e-i-e to go buzz-i-uzz-i-uzz.

TAPS

Fading light dims the sight
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar, drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky,
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.

THE DUMMY LINE

Rain or shine I'll pay my fine
Riding on the dummy on the dummy line.
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine
Riding on the dummy on the dummy line.

Three little boys all dressed in white,
Thought they'd go to heaven on the tail of a kite,
The kite tail broke and down they fell
Not into heaven but into—Rain or shine, etc.

Chorus

There was a little boy coming home from school,
Spied a half a dollar at the foot of a mule
Crept up as silent as a mouse,
Next day there was a funeral at the little boy's house.

Chorus

There was an old coon by the name of Mose
He had corns on all of his toes.
Sat by the fire to cure the gout,
Fire got hot and the corns popped out.

Chorus

Farmer Jones went out in a boat,
Boat tipped over and they threw him a rope.
Said Farmer Jones well I can't swim,
But I'll be hanged if they rope me in.

Chorus

THE LITTLE FORD

There was a little Ford
A-sitting on the ground,
Cutest little Ford
That you ever did see.
And the little Ford was on the wheels,
And the wheels were on the ground,
And the engine in the Ford
Made the wheels go round.
Boom di de a da Boom Boom—
On this Ford there was a little seat, etc.
On this seat there was a little girl, etc.
On this girl there was a little hat, etc.
On this hat there was a little feather, etc.
On this feather there was a little curl, etc.
On this curl there was a little fly, etc.
On this fly there was a little mole, etc.
On this mole there was a little hair, etc.
On this hair there was a little flea, etc.
On this flea there was a little freckle, etc.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
Singing, Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
My Sal she am a spunky gal,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Chorus

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy Fay;
For I'm off to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
With curly eyes and laughing hair,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
But I jumped on a mule, thought it was a hoss,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Behind that barn, down on my knees,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT (Round)

Row, row, row you boat,
Gently down the steam;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

THE TREK CART SONG

(Tune: Cassion's Song)

Over hill, over dale,
As we hit the camping trail,
And our buddies go hiking along;
In and out hear them shout,
Gee, I'm glad that I'm a scout.
For we'er far from the sound of the thong.

Chorus

For it's Hi, Hi, He,
Camp's the life for me,
Start the day and end it with a song,
(Shout) Hi, He,
Where e'er you go,
You will always know
That our trek cart goes rolling along,
Keep it rolling!
That our trek cart goes rolling along.

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

There's a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea,
(Repeated as above).

There's a frog on the log in the hole—

There's a wart on the frog on the log in the hole—

There's a mosquito on the wart on the frog on the log in the hole—

There's a microb on the mosquito on the wart on the frog on the log in the hole—

TODAY IS MONDAY

Today is Monday, today is Monday,
Monday bread and butter.
All you Scouting Brothers,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Tuesday, today is Tuesday,
Tuesday string beans, Monday bread and butter,
All you Scouting Brothers,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Wednesday, today is Wednesday,
Wednesday soup, Tuesday string beans, Monday
Bread and butter, All you Scouting Brothers,
I wish the same to you.

Today is Thursday, today is Thursday,
Thursday roast beef, etc.

Today is Friday, today is Friday,
Friday fish, etc.

Today is Saturday, today is Saturday,
Saturday payday, etc.

Today is Sunday, today is Sunday,
Sunday church, etc.

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD

Some folks say that a nigger won't steal,
But way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield.

Now I found two down in my cornfield,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield.

One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield.

Now if that ain't stealing, oh I don't know,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield.

THE THINNEST MAN

The thinnest man I ever saw was a man from old Hoboken
 And when I tell you how thin he was you'll think
 that I am jokin'
 He was as thin as the glue on a postage stamp
 or the skin of a new potato.
 For exercise he used to dive through the holes
 in a nutmeg grater.

Chorus

Oh me, oh my, He was the thinnest man
 Thin as the soup in a boarding house
 Or the skin of a soft shelled clam.
 Oh me, oh my, he often lost his breath
 He fell through the hole in the seat of his
 pants and choked himself to death.

He never went out on a dark, dark night, he never went out
 alone

For fear some lean and hungry dog would take him for a bone.
 He was sitting one night in a boarding house while the lights
 were burning dimly.

A mosquito grabbed him by the neck and pulled him up the
 chimney.

Chorus

THERE'S A LONG, LONG NAIL AGRINDING

There's a long, long nail agrounding
 Into the heel of my shoe,
 And it seems as if it must be in
 A mile or two.
 There's a long, long hike before me
 Until I give one grand shout,
 And I sit me down on a rotten log
 And pull that darned nail out.

It's a cinch to go a-skippping
 Along the path's smooth white line.
 It's a joy to stride where paths are
 Wide and pavements fine.
 Oh, it's fun to go a-jumping
 When there is no chance to fall,
 But, my boy, you're true when you plug right thru'
 Where there is no road at all.

'NEATH THE CRUST OF THE OLD APPLE PIE

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie
 There is something for you and for I.
 It may be a pin the cook just dropped in,
 Or it may be a cute little fly.
 It may be an old rusty nail, or a piece of a
 pussy cat's tail,
 But whatever it be, it's for you and for me,
 'Neath the crust of the old apple pie.

THE FISHERMEN SONG

There were three jolly fishermen
 Fisher, fisher, men, men, men
 There were three jolly fishermen.

The first one's name was I-Isaac,
 The first one's name was I-Isaac,
 Ia-Ia, zik, sik, zik, Ia-Ia, zik, zik, zik.
 The first one's name was I-Isaac.

The second one's name was Ja-Acob.
 The second one's name was Ja-Acob.
 J-A, J-A, cup, cup, cup.
 The second one's name was Jacob.

The third one's name was Abraham,
 The third one's name was Abraham,
 Abra, Abra, ham, ham, ham.
 The third one's name was Abraham,

They all went down to Amsterdam.
 They all went down to Amsterdam,
 Amster, Amster, sh, sh, sh,
 They all went down to Amsterdam.

STATES SONG

Oh, what did Ida-ho, boys,
 Oh, what did Ida-ho?

(Repeat twice.)

I ask you as a personal friend,
 What did Ida-ho?

Answer,

She hoes her Maryland, boys, she hoes her Maryland (repeat
 twice).

I tell you again as a personal friend,
 She hoed her Maryland.

2. What did Dela-ware? Her New Jersey.
3. What did Io-wa? Washington.
4. Oregon? Okla-homa.
5. Tenne-see? What Arkansas.
6. Wiscon-sin? Stole New-bras-key.
7. Oh-i-o?
8. Ala-bam?
9. Missi-sip?
10. Pennsylv-ain? Etc., etc.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY CAT

Has anybody seen my kitty,
 Has anybody seen my cat?
 You can tell by the look and the crook of her tail,
 You can tell that she's been flirting,
 Down in Flannigan's alley,
 Or up in Mannigan's flat,
 Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty,
 Has anybody seen my cat?

43.

A WILLIAM GOAT

Mary had a William Goat,
His belly was lined with zinc.
He followed her to school one day
And swallowed a bottle of ink.
Next he swallowed an oyster can
And a clothes line full of shirts.
The shirts could no no harm inside,
But the oyster can.
The can was filled with dynamite,
Poor Mary thought it was cheese.
He rubbed against poor Mary's side
Thought it his pain to ease.
A sudden flash of girl and goat,
And they no more were seen.

44.

ALOUETTE

A-lou-et-te, gentile Alouette,
A-lou-et-te,
Je te plu-me-rai.

Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete,
A la tete, a la tete,
Alouette, Alouette,

Oh-h-h, Alouette, gentile Alouette,
Alouette,
Je te plumerai.

Je te plumerai le bec,
Je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tete, et la tete,
Alouette, Alouette,

Oh-h-h, Alouette, gentile Alouette,
Alouette,
Je te plumerai.

Je te plumerai le nez,

Je te plumerai le dos,

Je te plumerai pattes,

Je te plumerai le cou,
Je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou,
Et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tete, et la tete,
Oh-h-h-h, Alouette, gentile Alouette.

45.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus

Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling
Oh, my darling Clementine;
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nines.
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Chorus

Drove she the ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine.
Stubbed her toe on a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus

Ruby lips above the waters,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine.
Alas for me, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Chorus

Then the Boy Scouts to the rescue,
With a great, big, long life line,
But alas, it wouldn't reach her,
So I lost my Clementine.

Chorus

In the church yard, near the canyon
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grew roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine,
Tho't he oughter jine his daughter
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine.
Though in life, I used to hug her
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

46.

ANIMAL FAIR (Round)

I went to the animal fair, the birds and the beasts were there.
By the light of the moon, the old baboon
Was combing his auburn hair. The monkey he got drunk,
He fell on the elephant's trunk.
The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees,
And what became of the monk?—the monk—the monk—the
monk—the monk.

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store in Chatham street,
There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and everything
else that's neat;
I've second handed ulsterettes and everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me at 149.

Chorus

Oh, Mr. Levi, Levi, tra la la la;
Poor Sheeny Levi, tra la la la la la.
My name is Solomon Levi, at my store in Chatham Street,
There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and everything
that's neat;
I've second handed ulsterettes and everything else that's fine.
For all the boys they trade with me at 149.

But when a bummer comes inside my store in Chatham street,
And tries to hang me up for a coat, and vest, and pants
complete,

I kick that bummer out of my store and on him sets my pup.
For I won't sell clothes to any man that tries to hang me up.

Chorus

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest, (repeat three
times)
And they rubbed it up with camphorated oil.

First time sing all through.

Second time—omit "baby" and substitute motion of rocking
baby.

Third time—omit "baby" and substitute rocking baby—omit
"cold" and substitute a coughing sound.

Fourth time—same as third only substitute striking chest for
"chest."

Fifth time—same as fourth time only omit last line and rub
chest.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE VIOLETS GROW

If you want to know where the violets grow,
I know where they grow,
I know where they grow,
They grow in the deep dark woods.
How do you know?
I saw them, I saw them,
Growing in the deep dark woods.

If you want to know where the bullfrog croaks,
I know where he croaks,
I know where he croaks,
He croaks in the deep dark pond.
How do you know?
I saw them, I saw them,
Croaking in the deep pond.

(Any number of verses)

DAMPER SONG

I pushed the damper in,
I pulled the damper out,
And the smoke went up the chimney just the same.
Just the same, just the same.
The smoke went up the chimney just the same.
I pushed the damper in,
I pulled the damper out,
And the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

OLD MacDONALD HAD A FARM

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.
And on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O.
With a chick, chick here, and chick, chick there,
Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick-chick,
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

2. Ducks (quack-quack). 3 Turkey (gobble-gobble).
4. Pig (hoink-hoink). 5. Ford (rattle-rattle).

McGINTY

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea.
She's my Annie and I'm her Joe,
So listen to my tale of Whoa!
Any ice, lady?
No!
Giddyap!
John Brown's body, etc.

OUR TROOPS WILL SHINE TONIGHT

Our troops will shine tonight, our troops will shine,
Our troops will shine tonight, all down the line;
We're all dressed up tonight, that's one good sign,
When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
Our troops will shine.

GRIN

Tune: "John Brown's Body," etc.
 Oh, it isn't any trouble just to g-r-i-n, grin,
 Oh, it isn't any trouble just to g-r-i-n, grin,
 If ever you're in trouble
 Clouds will vanish like a bubble;
 Oh, it isn't any trouble
 Just to g-r-i-n, grin.
 S-m-i-l-e,
 G-i-g-g-l-e-e-e.
 L-a-u-g-h,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha.

55.

DONKEY ROUND

Sweetly sings the Donkey
 As he runs to hay
 If you don't sing like him
 He will run away.
 Hee-haw, Hee-haw,
 Hee-haw, Hee-haw, Hee-haw.

56.

THE BILLBOARD

As I was walking down the street
 A billboard met my eye.
 The advertisements written there
 Would make you laugh and cry.
 The wind and rain had come that day
 And washed those signs away
 'Til what was left upon that board
 Would make that billboard say:

Come smoke a coco-cola,
 Chew catsup cigarettes;
 See Lillian Russell wrestle
 With a box of oysterettes;
 Pork and beans will meet tonight
 To have a finish fight,
 Chauncy Depew will lecture
 On Sapollo tonight.

Bay rum is good for horses,
 It is the best in town.
 Castoria cures the measles
 If you pay five dollars down.
 Have teeth extracted without pain
 At the cost of half a dime.
 Overcoats are selling now,
 A little out of time.

Chew Wrigley's for that headache,
 Take Campbell's for that cough,
 There's going to be a swimming meet
 In the village watering trough.
 Buy a case of ginger ale
 It makes the best of broth
 Shinola sure to curl the hair
 And not to take it off.

MISTRESS SHADY

O Mistress Shady, she is a lady;
 She has a daughter whom I adore
 Each day I court her,
 I mean the daughter.
 Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,
 Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
 Sunday afternoon at half-past four.

58.

THE LITTLE SKUNK'S HOLE

Tune (Dixie)

Oh, I stuck my head in a little skunk's hole,
 And the little skunk said, Upon my soul!
 Take it out! Take it out! Take it out!
 Remove it!

Oh, I didn't take it out!
 So the little skunk said,
 If you don't take it out
 You'll wish you were dead!
 Take it out! Take it out!

S-ssssss! M-mmmmmm (Hold nose)
 I removed it!

59.

THE BURGLAR SONG

"Oh, I'll tell you a story of a burglar bold
 Who went to rob a house.
 He opened a window and crawled inside
 As quietly as a mouse.
 He got under the bed to swipe the swag
 He hoped to find it all,
 If he had known 'twas an old maid's house
 He wouldn't have the gall.

At nine o'clock the old maid came in,
 'Well, I'm surprised,' she said,
 And thinking everything was alright
 She forgot to look under the bed.
 She took out her teeth and her big glass ey/
 And the hair from off her head
 And the burglar, he had seventy fits
 As he looked from under the bed.

From under the bed the burglar crept,
 He was a total wreck.
 The old maid wasn't asleep at all,
 She grabbed him by the neck.

She didn't scream, nor holler, nor yell,
 And she was as cool as a clam.
 'And now, she said, the saints be praised
 At last I've found a man.'

From under the pillow a pistol took
 And to the burglar said,
 'Young man, if you don't marry me
 I'll blow off the top of your head.'

She held him tightly by the neck,
 He had no chance to scoot
 He looked at her teeth and her big glass eye
 And said, 'Lady, for Pat's sake SHOOT.'

I WANT TO BE A FRIEND OF YOURS

I want to be a friend of yours,
 Um and a little bit more.
 I want to be a pal of yours,
 Um and a little bit more.
 I want to be a little flower growing at your door;
 I want to give you all I've got,
 Um and a little bit, um and a little bit, um and a whole lot
 more.
 I want to be a bumble bee, buzzing at your door.
 I want to give you all I've got;
 Buzz and a little bit, buzz and a little bit, buzz and a whole
 lot more.

IF YOU WANT TO BE A BOY SCOUT

(Tune: If You Want to be a Bager)

If you want to be a Boy Scout
 Just come along with me,
 By the bright shining light, by the light of the camp,
 If you want to be a Boy Scout
 Just come along with me,
 By the bright shining light of the camp.

BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN

The bear went over the mountain,
 The bear went over the mountain,
 The bear went over the mountain,
 To see what he could see,
 To see what he could see,
 To see what he could see,
 The bear went over the mountain,
 The bear went over the mountain,
 The bear went over the mountain,
 To see what he could see,
 The other side of the mountain,
 The other side of the mountain,
 The other side of the mountain,
 Was all that he could see,
 Was all that he could see,
 Was all that he could see,
 The other side of the mountain,
 The other side of the mountain,
 The other side of the mountain,
 Was all that he could see.

Key A

GIVE YOUR FACE A REST

(Tune: Smiles)

Smile a while and give your face a rest (smile)
 Stretch a while and elevate your chest (chest up)
 Reach your hands up toward the sky (hands up)
 While you watch them with your eyes (heads up)
 Jump a while and shake a leg, Sir (jump lively)
 Then step forward, backward, as you were, (step back and
 forward)
 Now reach out to some one near (shake hands with someone)
 Shake their hands and smile a while (all smile).

Key B Flat

WHAT MADE NELLY FEEL SO QUEER

Tune: "John Brown's Body"

Nellie ate some oysters, Nellie ate some clams,
 Nellie ate some marmalade, Nellie ate some ham;
 Nellie at some johnnycakes, Nellie drank root beer,
 And Nellie never knew what made her feel so queer.
 O-up came the oysters, o-up came the clams,
 O-up came the marmalade, o-up came the ham,
 O-up came the johnnycakes, o-up came the beer,
 Then Nellie knew what made her feel so queer.

ONWARD, BOY SCOUTS, ONWARD

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
 Brothers for the right;
 Live our Scout Laws gladly,
 Onward in their light!
 Let the oath of loyalty
 Mark our Trail each day;
 So this legend guide our journey:
 "Be Prepared" always!

Chorus

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
 Brothers for the right;
 Live our Scout Laws gladly,
 Onward in their light!

Live the life of Honor,
 Word that Truth designed;
 Loyal be and helpful,
 Friendly, courteous, kind;
 Practice now Obedience
 With a cheerful part,
 Thrifty, brave and clean completely
 Reverent in heart.

Chorus

SINKER SONG

(Tune: Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon)

'Round his neck he wears a yellor ribbon,
 He wears it when in swimming, and he wears it through the
 day.
 If you ask him, "Why the decoration?"
 He'll say, "Why I'M a 'SINKER' and must swim the thing
 away."
 Sink 'r swim—wade right in.
 He's going to swim that fifty yards some day.
 'Round his neck he wears a yellor ribbon,
 For he's a sinker, and must swim the thing away.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

Scout: I say there stranger, can you tell me where this road runs?

Leader: Well, I lived here nigh on forty years and it ain't gone nowhere yet.

Chorus

Ra-tiddy-de-ah-tah, tiddy-de-ah-tah,
Ra-tiddy-de-ah-tah, tiddy-de-ah-tah,
Ra-tiddy-de-ah-tah, tiddy-de-ah-tah,
Ra-tiddy-de-ah-tah, tiddy-de-ah-tah.

Scout: I say there stranger, do people die often around here?

Leader: Nope, only once.

Chorus

S. I say there stranger, 'pears like you are only going to get a half a crop.

L. Yep, planted on shares.

Chorus

S. I say there stranger, why do feed your hogs one day and starve them the next?

L. Well, so the bacon will have a strip of lean and a strip of fat.

Chorus

(Any number of verses)

Key D

HAM AND EGGS
(Tune: Tammany)

Leader: Ham and Eggs

Scouts: Ham and Eggs

Leader: I like mine fried good and brown

Scouts: I like mine fried upside down

Leader: Ham and Eggs

Scouts: Ham and Eggs

Leader: Flip 'em

Scouts: Flop 'em

Leader: Flop 'em or { Hope you

Scouts: Flip 'em or { drop 'em

All: Ham and Eggs

Key G

IVAN SKIZAVITZSKY SKIVAR

The sons of the prophet were hardy and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest of all was a man, I am told,
Named Abdul el Bul-Bul, Ameer.

If they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to harass the foe in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they would set up a shout
For Abdul el Bul-Bul, Ameer.

There were heroes in plenty and men known to fame,
Who fought in the ranks of the Czar,
But, none of more fame than a man by the name of
Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

He could sing like Caruso, both tenor and bass,
He could play on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun
And walked down the street with a sneer;
He was looking for fun when he happened to run
Upon Abdul el Bul-Bul, Ameer.

"Young man," said Bul-Bul, "is existence so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
For infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul el Bul-Bul, Ameer.

"So take your last look at the sunshine and brook;
And send your regrets to the Czar;
By which I imply you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar."

Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty chibouque,
Crying: "Allah-il-Allah! Akbar!"
And with murderous intent he most suddenly went
For Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

On a stone by the banks where the Neva doth roll,
There is written in characters clear:
"Oh, stranger, remember to pray for the soul
Of Abdul el Bul-Bul, Ameer."

While a Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
By the light of the cold Northern Star,
And the name that she constantly shouts in her sleep
Is Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar!

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow;
 There's where the birds warble sweetly in the springtime;
 There's where dis old darkey's heart am long to go.
 There's where I labored so long for old master,
 Day after day in that field of yellow corn;
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely
 Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow;
 There's where the birds warble sweetly in the springtime;
 There's where dis old darkey's heart am long to go.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee River,
 Far, far away,
 There's where my heart is turning ever,
 There's where the old folks stay.
 All up and down the whole creation
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for the old plantation,
 And for the old folks at home.

Chorus

All the world is sad and dreary,
 Ev'rywhere I roam;
 Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from the old folks at home.

All around the little farm I wandered
 When I was young;
 Then many happy days I squandered,
 Many the songs I sung;
 When I was playing with my brother
 Happy was I.
 Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
 There let me live and die.

DO A GOOD TURN DAILY

(Tune: Keep the Home Fires Burning)
 We can life the load of sadness
 That the weary world must bear,
 We can bring the light of gladness
 Into hearts now bowed with care;
 We can change the bleak December
 To the bright and blooming May,
 If we only will remember
 As we journey on the way:

Chorus

Do a good turn daily,
 Scatter gladness gaily,
 Every morning plan and do
 Just a kindly deed;
 Brighten each tomorrow,
 Lift the load of sorrow
 From the old and weak and poor,
 That's the Boy Scout creed.

Though are deeds are not as thrilling
 As the knights of old have done,
 We are young and strong and willing
 To be helpful,—every one.
 So with purpose firm and steady
 As we journey on the way,
 Every scout is ever ready
 For a good turn every day.

Chorus

Key G

A SEA SCOUT CHANTY

1. A ship is wood and metal,
 Is metal, rigging and sail;
 She's but an iron kettle,
 When hearts aboard her fail.

Chorus

To my way, ay and yea, ay,
 We're bound away for many a day;
 A Sea Scout is a good Scout,
 So give us our sea-way.

2. The heart of ships is red blood,
 Is red blood, never a doubt!
 And wood and iron useless,
 Without the heart of a Scout.
3. Our ship is what we make her,
 We make her, saucy and smart;
 No blust'ring wind shall break her,
 While we are all of a heart.

WE'RE WORKING FOR SCOUTING

Tune: "Yes, We have No Bananas"

Yes—We're working for Scouting,
We're working for Scouting today.
No matter the weather,
Let's all get together, and each one to himself say:
I've got the old fashioned spirit,
Of work, grin, and bear it,
Then shout, the whole world may hear it,
Yes—We're working for Scouting today.

Key C

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land where I was born,
Early on a frosty morn.
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land!
I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray,
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie.
Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!

Keg G

MARCHING TO HEALTHVILLE

(Marching Through Georgia)

Bring the soap and water, boys, we'll have another scrub.
Give our hands and faces, boys, a good old fashioned rub;
That's the snappy thing to do before we eat our grub,
While we are marching to Healthville.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! Then let the chorus swell!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Be clean and you'll be well!
We will fight for cleanliness and that's the battle yell,
While we are marching to Healthville.

Don't forget the toothbrush, boys, at morning and at night;
Teeth are mighty useful and we ought to treat them right,
Also ornamental, if you keep them clean and white,
While we are marching to Healthville.

Chorus

Never dodge the water, boys, and soap will never hurt;
That's a truthful saying, we will venture to assert;
You can well afford them and you can't afford the dirt,
While we are marching to Healthville.

Chorus

OLD ZIP COON

There was once a man with a double chin,
Who performed with skill on the violin,
And he played in time and he played in tune,
But he never played anything but Old Zip Coon.

Old Zip Coon he played all day
Until he drove his friends away;
He played all night by the light of the moon,
But he wouldn't play anything but Old Zip Coon.

So the neighbors said: "Will you kindly play
Nellie Bly or Where are the Flow'rs of May?
Any tune will do if it is not that tune,"
But he wouldn't play anything but Old Zip Coon.

Old Zip Coon he played all night,
Until the bats and owls took flight;
His friends all begged for a different tune,
But he wouldn't play anything but Old Zip Coon.

So that took that man with the double chin,
All his worldly goods and his violin,
And they shipped him off to a foreign shore,
Where the natives had never heard the tune before.

Old Zip Coon he played all day,
Until the natives ran away;
He played and played by the light of the moon,
But he wouldn't play anything but Old Zip Coon.

They have left him there by the deep blue sea,
Where he lives alone in a hollow tree;
And he plays that tune, and it never ends,
So it isn't surprising that he has no friends.

Old Zip Coon he plays all day,
There's no one left to run away,
And still he thinks its a beautiful tune!
And that is the history of Old Zip Coon.

WE'RE STRONG FOR CHICAGO

We're strong for Chicago C-H-I-C-A-G-O

The girls are the fairest, the boys are the squarest of any old
town that I know—

We're strong for Chicago, the place where the breezes blow—
In any old weather we'll all stick together, in C-H-I-C-A-G-O.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn-top's ripe, and meadows in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright;
 By-'n-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh, weep no more today.
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door.
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

SACRED SONGS

80.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on;
 I lov'd the garish day; and spite of fears,
 Pride rul'd my will: remember not past year.

So long Thy pow'r has biest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

81.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Fall across the sky.
 Father give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose,
 With Thy tend'rest blessing
 May our eyelids close.
 When the morning wakens,
 Then may we arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

82.

ITALIAN HYMN

God of the morning ray!
 God of the rising day!
 Glorious in power!
 In thee we live and move,
 And thus we daily prove
 Thy condescending love
 Each passing hour.

God of our feeble race,
 God of redeeming grace,
 Spirit all blest!
 Our own eternal Friend,
 Thy guardian influence lend,
 From ev'ry snare defend,
 In Thee we trust.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

1. Day is dy-ing in the west;
Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light
Through all the sky.

Chorus

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly,
Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;
Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee,
O Lord, Most High!

2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome,
Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy em-brace,
For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shad-ows fall,
Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all,
Thro' the glo-ry and the grace,
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts as-cend.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do,
Do not wait to shed your light afar,
To the many duties ever near you now be true,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Chorus

Brighten the corner where you are!
Brighten the corner where you are!
Someone far from harbor you may guide across the bar,
Brighten the corner where you are!
Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear,
Let not narrow self your way debar,
Though into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,
Brighten the corner where you are.
Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,
Here reflect the bright and morning star;
Even from your humble hand the bread of life may feed,
Brighten the corner where you are.

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THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

Chorus

Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.
How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning,
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh, come to the church in the vale.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

Brightly beams our Father's mercy,
From His lighthouse ever more,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Chorus

Let the lower light be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor, fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,
Some poor sailor, tempest tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeons, fire and sword;
O, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith, we will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will strive to win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God, man-kind shall then,
indeed, be free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith, we will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love both friend and foe in all our
strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, by kindly words and
virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith, we will be true to thee till death.

THE WORK SONG

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers.
Work while the day grows brighter
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying moment
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help, of the helpless, O abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grave can foil the tempter's pow'r.
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

MORNING HYMN

(Tune: Holy, Holy, Holy)

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
Face to the mighty;
Early in the morning
Our song shall rise to thee.
Live our Scout Laws, gladly
Play a willing part
Brave, Clean and Thrifty,
Reverent in heart.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in filial love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

Key F

COME THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

GOD OF THE EARTH

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
 Maker of all above, below,
 Creation lives and moves in Thee;
 Thy present life through all doth flow.

Refrain

We give Thee thanks
 Thy name we sing,
 Almighty Father,
 Heavenly King,

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
 Thy life is in the quickening air;
 When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
 There is Thy power, Thy law, is there.

Refrain

We feel Thy calm at Evening's hour,
 Thy grandeur in the march of night,
 And when the morning breaks in power,
 We hear Thy word 'Let there be light.'

Refrain

PATRIOTIC SONGS

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
 fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
 Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

O, Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wild desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

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SCOUT BENEDICTION

And now may the blessing of our Heavenly Scoutmaster rest upon each of us and upon all regular Scouts, and may we follow the trail that leads to Him.

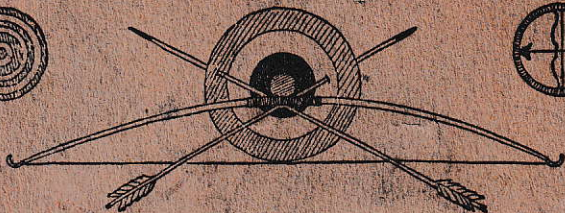


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